

THE
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S E R M O N VII.

On ROMANS xi. 33.

O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God.

1. **S**OME apprehend *the wisdom and the knowledge* of God to mean one and the same thing. Others believe, that the wisdom of God more directly refers to his appointing the ends of all things, and his knowledge to the means which he hath prepared and made conducive to those ends. The former seems to be the most natural explication: as the wisdom of God in its most extensive meaning, must include the one as well as the other, the means as well as the ends.

2. Now the wisdom as well as the power of God, is abundantly manifested in his creation, in the formation and arrangement of all his works, in heaven above and in the earth beneath: and in adapting them all to the several ends for which they were designed: inasmuch that each of them apart from the rest is good: but all together are *very good*; all conspiring together in one connected system, to the glory of God, in the happiness of his intelligent creatures.

3. As this wisdom appears even to short-sighted men (and much more to spirits of a higher order) in the creation and disposition of the whole universe, and every part of it, so it equally appears in their preservation, in his *upholding all things by the word of his power*. And

it no less eminently appears, in the permanent government of all that he has created. How admirably does his wisdom direct the motions of the heavenly bodies! Of all the stars in the firmament, whether those that are *fixed* or those that *wander*, though never out of their several orbits! Of the sun in the midst of heaven! Of those amazing bodies, the comets, that shoot in every direction through the immeasurable fields of ether! How does he superintend all the parts of this lower world, this "speck of creation," the earth! So that all things are still, as they were at the beginning, *beautiful in their seasons*: and summer and winter, seed-time and harvest, regularly follow each other. Yea, all things serve their Creator: *fire and hail, snow and vapour, wind and storm, are fulfilling his word*. So that we may well say, *O Lord, our Governor, how excellent is thy name in all the earth!*

4. Equally conspicuous is the wisdom of God in the government of nations, of states and kingdoms: yea, rather more conspicuous; if infinite can be allowed to admit of any degrees. For the whole inanimate creation being totally passive and inert, can make no opposition to his will. Therefore, in the natural world all things roll in an even, uninterrupted course. But it is far otherwise in the moral world. Here evil men, and evil spirits, continually oppose the Divine will, and create numberless irregularities. Here, therefore, is full scope for the exercise of all the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God, in counteracting all the wickedness and folly of men, and all the subtilty of satan, to carry on his own glorious design, the salvation of lost mankind. Indeed, were he to do this by an absolute decree, by his own irresistible power, it would imply no wisdom at all. But his wisdom is shewn, by saving man in such a manner, as not to destroy his nature, not to take away the liberty which he has given him.

5. But the riches both of the wisdom and the knowledge of God, are most eminently displayed in his church: in planting it like a grain of mustard-seed,

the least of all seeds; in preserving and continually increasing it, till it grew into a great tree, notwithstanding the uninterrupted opposition of all the powers of darkness. This the Apostle justly terms *the manifold wisdom*, *πολυποίκιλος σοφία* of God. It is an uncommonly expressive word, intimating that this wisdom in the manner of its operation, is diversified a thousand ways, and exerts itself with infinite varieties. These things the highest *angels desire to look into*, but can never fully comprehend. It seems to be with regard to these chiefly, that the apostle utters that strong exclamation, *How unsearchable are his judgments! His counsels, designs! Impossible to be fathomed! And his ways of accomplishing them, past finding out, impossible to be traced! According to the psalmist, His paths are in the deep waters, and his footsteps are not known.*

6. But a little of this he has been pleased to reveal unto us. And by keeping close to what he has revealed, mean time comparing the word and the work of God together, we may understand a part of his ways. We may in some measure trace this manifold wisdom from the beginning of the world: from Adam to Noah, from Noah to Moses, and from Moses to Christ. But I would now consider it (after just touching on the history of the church in past ages) only with regard to what he hath wrought in the present age, during the last half century; yea, and in this little corner of the world, the British islands only.

7. In the fulness of time, just when it seemed best to his infinite wisdom, God brought his first-begotten into the world. He then laid the foundation of his church, though it hardly appeared till the day of pentecost. And it was then a glorious church: all the members thereof being *filled with the Holy Ghost, being of one heart and of one mind, and continuing steadfastly in the Apostles' doctrine, and in fellowship, in the breaking of bread, and in the prayers: in fellowship, that is, having all things in common; no man counting any thing he had his own.*

“ Meek, simple follow’rs of the Lamb,
 They liv’d, and thought, and spake the same :
 They all were of one heart and soul,
 And only love inspir’d the whole.”

8. But their happy state did not continue long. See Ananias and Sapphira! through the love of money (*the root of all evil*) making the first breach in the community of goods. See the partiality, the unjust respect on the one side, the resentment and murmuring on the other, even while the apostles themselves presided over the church at Jerusalem! See the grievous spots and wrinkles that were found, in every part of the church, recorded not only in the Acts, but in the Epistles of St. Paul, James, Peter, and John. A still fuller account we have in the Revelation: and according to this, in what a condition was the christian church, even in the first century, even before St. John was removed from the earth: if we may judge (as undoubtedly we may) of the state of the church in general, from the state of those particular churches (all but that of *Smyrna*) to which our Lord directed his Epistles! And from this time, for fourteen hundred years, it was corrupted more and more, as all history shews, till scarce any, either of the power or form of religion was left.

9. Nevertheless, it is certain, that the gates of hell did never totally prevail against it. God always reserv’d a seed for himself, a few that worshipped him in spirit and in truth. I have often doubted, whether these were not the very persons whom the rich and honorable christians, who will always have number as well as power on their side, did not stigmatize, from time to time, with the title of *Heretics*. Perhaps it was chiefly by this artifice of the devil and his children, that the good which was in them being evil-spoken of, they were prevented from being so extensively useful, as otherwise they might have been. Nay, I have doubted, whether that arch-heretic, *Montanus*, was not one of the holiest men in the second century. Yea, I would not affirm,

that the arch-heretic of the fifth century (as plentifully as he has been bespattered for many ages) was not one of the holiest men of that age, not excepting *St. Augustine* himself: (a wonderful saint! full of pride, passion, bitterness, censoriousness, and foul-mouthed to all that contradicted him.) I verily believe, the real heresy of *Pelagius* was neither more nor less than this, the holding that christians may by the grace of God (not without it; that I take to be a mere slander) go on to perfection: or in other words, fulfil the law of Christ.

“ But *St. Augustine* says”—When *St. Augustine's* passions were heated, his word is not worth a rush. And here is the secret. *St. Augustine* was angry at *Pelagius*. Hence he slandered and abused him (as his manner was) without either fear or shame. And *St. Augustine* was then in the christian world, what *Aristotle* was afterwards. There needed no other proof of any assertion, than, “ *Ipse dixit: St. Augustine said it.*”

10. But to return. When iniquity had overspread the church as a flood, the Spirit of the Lord lifted up a standard against it. He raised up a poor monk, without wealth, without power, and at that time without friends, to declare war, as it were, against all the world; against the bishop of *Rome* and all his adherents. But this little stone being chosen of God, soon grew into a great mountain; and increased more and more, till it had covered a considerable part of *Europe*. But even before *Luther* was called home, the love of many was waxed cold. Many that had once run well, turned back from the holy commandment delivered to them. Yea, the greater part of those that once experienced the power of faith, made shipwreck of faith and a good conscience. The observing this was supposed to be the occasion of that illness (a fit of the stone) whereof *Luther* died: after uttering these melancholy words, “ I have spent my strength for nought. Those who are called by my name, are, it is true, reformed in opinions and modes of worship. But in their hearts and lives, in

their tempers and practice, they are not a jot better than the Papists.

11. About the same time it pleased God to visit *Great Britain*. A few in the reign of king *Henry* the eighth, and many more in the three following reigns, were real witnesses of true scriptural christianity. The number of these exceedingly increased in the beginning of the following century. And in the year 1627, there was a wonderful pouring out of the Spirit, in several parts of *England*, as well as in *Scotland*, and the north of *Ireland*. But from the time that riches and honor poured in upon them that feared and loved God, their hearts began to be estranged from him, and to cleave to the present world: no sooner was persecution ceased, and the poor, despised, persecuted christians invested with power, and placed in ease and affluence, but a change of circumstances brought a change of spirit. Riches and honor soon produced their usual effects. Having the world, they quickly loved the world. They no longer breathed after heaven, but became more and more attached to the things of earth. So that in a few years, one who knew and loved them well, and was an unexceptionable judge of men and manners, [Dr. Owen] deeply lamented over them, as having lost all the life and power of religion, and were become just of the same spirit with those, whom they despised as the mire in the streets.

12. What little religion was left in the land, received another deadly wound at the restoration, by one of the worst princes that ever sat on the *English* throne, and by the most abandoned court in *Europe*. And infidelity now broke in amain, and overspread the land as a flood. Of course, all kind of immorality came with it, and increased to the end of the century. Some feeble attempts were made to stem the torrent during the reign of queen *Ann*. But it still increased till about the year 1725, when Mr. *Law* published his "Practical Treatise on Christian Perfection;" and not long after, his "Serious Call to a devout and holy Life." Here the seed

was sown, which soon grew up, and spread to *Oxford, London, Bristol, Leeds, York*, and within a few years, to the greatest part of *England, Scotland, and Ireland*.

13. But what means did the wisdom of God make use of, in effecting this great work? He thrust out such labourers into his harvest, as the wisdom of man would never have thought on. He chose the weak things to confound the strong, and the foolish things to confound the wise. He chose a few young, poor, ignorant men, without experience, learning or art, but simple of heart, devoted to God, full of faith and zeal, seeking no honour, no profit, no pleasure, no ease, but merely to save souls, fearing neither want, pain, persecution; nor whatever man could do unto them: yea, not counting their lives dear unto themselves, so they might finish their course with joy. Of the same spirit were the people whom God by their word called out of darkness into his marvellous light, many of whom soon agreed to join together, in order to strengthen each others hands in God: These also were simple of heart, devoted to God, zealous of good works; desiring neither honour, nor riches, nor pleasure, nor ease, nor any thing under the sun; but to attain the whole image of God, and to dwell with him in glory.

14. But as these young preachers grew in years, they did not all grow in grace. Several of them indeed increased in other knowledge; but not proportionably in the knowledge of God. They grew less simple, less alive to God, and less devoted to him. They were less zealous for God, and consequently less active, less diligent in his service. Some of them began to desire the praise of men, and not the praise of God only: some, to be weary of a wandering life, and so seek ease and quietness. Some began again to fear the faces of men; to be ashamed of their calling; to be unwilling to deny themselves, to take up their cross daily, and *endure hardship as good soldiers of Jesus Christ*. Wherever these preachers laboured, there was not much fruit of their labours. Their word was not as formerly, clothed with

power : it carried with it no demonstration of the Spirit. The same faintness of spirit was in their private conversation. They were no longer, *instant in season and out of season : warning every man, and exhorting every man, if by any means they might save some.*

15. But as some preachers *declined from their first love*, so did many of the people. They were likewise assaulted on every side, encompassed with manifold temptations. And while many of them triumphed over all, and were *more than conquerors through him that loved them*, others gave place to the world, the flesh, or the devil, and so *entered into temptation* : some of them *made shipwreck of their faith* at once ; some by slow, insensible degrees. Not a few being in want of the necessities of life, were overwhelmed with the cares of the world. Many relapsed into the desires of other things, which choaked the good seed, *and it became unfruitful.*

16. But of all temptations, none so struck at the whole work of God, as *the deceitfulness of riches* : a thousand melancholy proofs of which I have seen, within these last fifty years. Deceitful are they indeed ! For who will believe they do him the least harm ? And yet I have not known threescore rich persons, perhaps not half the number, during threescore years, who, as far as I can judge, were not less holy than they would have been, had they been poor. By *riches*, I mean, not thousands of pounds ; but any more than will procure the conveniences of life. Thus I account him a rich man, who has food and raiment for himself and family, without running into debt, and something over. And how few are there in these circumstances, who are not hurt, if not destroyed thereby ? Yet who takes warning ? Who seriously regards that awful declaration of the apostle, *Even they that desire to be rich fall into a temptation, and a snare, and into divers foolish and hurtful desires, which drown men in destruction and perdition.* How many sad instances have we seen of this in London, in Bristol, in Newcastle, in all the large trading towns throughout the kingdom, where God has lately caused

his power to be known? See, how many of those, who were once simple of heart, desiring nothing but God, are now gratifying *the desire of the flesh*, studying to please their senses: particularly their taste; endeavouring to enlarge the pleasures of tasting as far as possible. Are not *you* of that number? Indeed you are no drunkard, and no glutton. But do you not indulge yourself in a kind of regular sensuality? Are not eating and drinking the greatest pleasures of your life, the most considerable part of your happiness? if so, I fear, St. Paul would have given you a place among those *whose god is their belly*! How many of them are now again indulging *the desire of the eye*? Using every means which is in their power, to enlarge the pleasures of the imagination? If not in grandeur, which as yet is out of their way, yet in new or beautiful things? Are not you seeking happiness in pretty or elegant apparel, or furniture? Or in new clothes, or books, or in pictures, or gardens? “Why, what harm is there in these things?” There is this harm, that they gratify *the desire of the eye*, and thereby strengthen and increase it; making you more and more dead to God, and more alive to the world. How many are indulging *the pride of life*? Seeking the honour that cometh of men? Or *laying up treasures on earth*! They gain all they can, honestly and conscientiously. They save all they can, by cutting off all needless expense; by adding frugality to diligence. And so far all is right. This is the duty of every one that fears God. But they do not give all they can; without which they must needs grow more and more earthly-minded. Their affections will cleave to the dust more and more, and they will have less and less communion with God. Is not this *your* case? Do not *you* seek the praise of men more than the praise of God? Do not *you* lay up, or at least desire and endeavour to lay up *treasures on earth*! Are you not then (deal faithfully with your own soul!) more and more alive to the world? And consequently more and more dead to God? It cannot be otherwise. That *must* follow, unless you give all,

you can, as well as gain and save all you can. There is no other way under heaven to prevent your money from sinking you lower than the grave. For *if any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him.* And if it *was* in him in ever so high a degree, yet if he slides into the love of the world, by the same degrees that this enters in, the love of God will go out of the heart.

17. And perhaps there is something more than all this contained in those words, *Love not the world neither the things of the world.* Here we are expressly warned against loving *the world*, as well as against loving *the things of the world.* *The world* is, the men that know not God; that neither love nor fear him. To love these with a love of delight or complacence, to set our affections upon them, is here absolutely forbidden: and by parity of reason, to converse or have intercourse with them, farther than necessary business requires. Friendship or intimacy with them, St. James does not scruple to term adultery. *Ye adulterers and adulteresses, know ye not, that the friendship of the world is enmity with God? Whosoever therefore will be a friend of the world, is an enemy of God.* Do not endeavour to shuffle away, or evade the meaning of these strong words. They plainly require us, to stand aloof from them; to have no needless commerce with unholy men. Otherwise we shall surely slide into conformity to the world, to their maxims, spirit, and customs. For not only their words, harmless as they seem, do eat as doth a canker: but their very breath is infectious: their spirit imperceptibly influences our spirit. It steals like water into our bowels, and like oil into our bones.

18. But all rich men are under a continual temptation to acquaintance and conversation with worldly men. They are likewise under a continual temptation to pride, to think more highly of themselves than they ought to think. They are strongly tempted to revenge, when they are ever so little affronted. And having the means in their own hands, how few are there that resist the temptation? They are continually tempted to sloth, in-

dolence, love of ease, softness, delicacy; to hatred of self-denial, and taking up the cross, even that of *fasting* and *rising early*, without which it is impossible to grow in grace. If *you* are increased in goods, do not you know that these things are so? Do you contract no intimacy with worldly men? Do not you converse with them more than duty requires? Are you in no danger of pride? Of thinking yourself better than your poor, dirty neighbours? Do you never resent, yea, and revenge an affront? Do you never render evil for evil? Do not you give way to indolence or love of ease? Do you deny yourself, and take up your cross daily? Do you constantly rise as early as you did once? Why not? Is not your soul as precious now as it was then? How often do you fast? Is not this a duty to *you*, as much as to a day-labourer? But if you are wanting in this, or any other respect, who will tell you of it? Who dares tell you the plain truth, but those who neither hope nor fear any thing from you? And if any venture to deal plainly with you, how hard is it for you to bear it? Are not you far less reproveable, far less adviseable, than when you were poor. It is well if you can bear reproof even from *me*. And in a few days you will see me no more.

Once more therefore I say, having gained and saved all you can, give all you can: else your money will eat your flesh as fire, and will sink you to the nethermost hell!

O beware of *laying up treasures upon earth*! Is it not treasuring up wrath against the day of wrath?

Lord! I have warned them: but if they will not be warned, what can I do more? I can only *give them up unto their own heart's lusts, and let them follow their own imaginations*!

19. By not taking this warning, it is certain many of the Methodists are already fallen. Many are falling at this very time. And there is great reason to apprehend, that many more will fall, most of whom will rise no more!

But what method may be hoped the All-wise God will take, to repair the decay of his work? If he does not remove the candlestick from this people, and raise up another people, who will be more faithful to his grace, it is probable he will proceed in the same manner as he has done in time past. And this has hitherto been his method. When any of the old preachers *left their first love*, lost their simplicity and zeal, and departed from the work, he has raised up young men who *are* what they *were*, and sent them into the harvest in their place. The same he has done, when he was pleased to remove any of his faithful labourers into *Abraham's bosom*. So when *Henry Millard, Edward Dunstone, John Manners, Thomas Walsh*, or any others rested from their labours, he raised up other young men from time to time, willing and able to perform the same service. It is highly probable, he will take the very same method for the time to come. The place of those preachers who either die in the Lord, or lose the spiritual life which God had given them, he will supply by others that are alive to God, and desire only to spend and be spent for him.

20. Hear ye this, all ye preachers, who have not the same life, the same communion with God, the same zeal for his cause, the same burning love to souls, that you had once! *Take heed unto yourselves, that ye lose not the things ye have wrought, but that ye receive a full reward.* Beware lest God swear in his wrath, that ye shall bear his standard no more! Lest he be provoked to take the word of his grace utterly out of your mouth! Be assured, the Lord hath no need of *you*: *His work doth not depend upon your help.* As he is able *out of the stones, to raise up children to Abraham*; so he is able out of the same, to raise up preachers after his own heart! O make haste! *Remember from whence you are fallen: and repent and do the first works!*

21. Would it not provoke the Lord of the harvest, to lay you altogether aside, if you *despised* the labourers he had raised up, merely because of *their youth*? This

was commonly done to us, when *we* were first sent out, between forty and fifty years ago. Old, wise men asked, "What will these *young* heads do?" So the then Bishop of *London* in particular. But shall we adopt their language? God forbid! Shall we teach him, whom he shall send? Whom he shall employ in his own work? Are we then the *men*, and shall *wisdom die with us*? Does the work of God hang upon us? O humble yourselves before God, lest he pluck you away, and there 'none to deliver!

22. Let us next consider what method has the wisdom of God taken for these five and forty years, when thousands of *the people*, that once ran well, one after another *drew back to perdition*? Why, as fast as any of the poor were overwhelmed with worldly care, so that the seed they had received became unfruitful: and as fast as any of the rich, by giving way to the love of the world, to foolish and hurtful desires, or to any other of those innumerable temptations, which are inseparable from riches: God has constantly from time to time raised up men, endued with the spirit which they had lost. Yea, and generally this change has been made, with considerable advantage. For the last were not only (for the most part) more numerous than the first, but more watchful, profiting by their example: more spiritual, more heavenly-minded; more zealous, more alive to God, and more dead to all things here below.

23. And blessed be God, we see he is now doing the same thing, in various parts of the kingdom. In the room of those that have fallen from their steadfastness, or are falling at this day, he is continually raising up out of the stones other children to Abraham. This he does at one or another place, according to his own will: pouring out his quickening spirit, on this or another people, just as it pleaseth him. He is raising up those of every age and degree, young men and maidens, old men and children, to be *a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, a holy nation, a peculiar people, to shew forth his praise, who has called them out of darkness into his*

marvellous light. And we have no reason to doubt, but he will continue so to do, till the great promise is fulfilled, till *the earth is filled with the knowledge of the glory of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea: till all Israel is saved, and the fulness of the Gentiles is come in.*

24. But have all those that have sunk under manifold temptations, so fallen that they can rise no more? Hath the Lord *cast them all off for ever, and will be no more entreated? Is his promise come utterly to an end for evermore?* God forbid that we should affirm this! Surely he is able to heal all their backslidings: for with God no word is impossible. And is he not willing too? He is *God and not man; therefore his compassions fail not.* Let no backslider despair: *return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon you: unto our God, and he will abundantly pardon.*

Mean time, thus saith the Lord, to you that now supply their place, *Be not high minded, but fear!* If the Lord *spared not thy elder brethren, take heed lest he spare not thee!* Fear, though not with a servile, tormenting fear, lest thou fall by any of the same temptations, by either the cares of the world, the deceitfulness of riches, or the desire of other things. Tempted you will be in ten thousand different ways, perhaps as long as you remain in the body: but as long as you continue to watch and pray, you will not *enter into temptation.* His grace has been hitherto sufficient for you: and so it will be unto the end.

25. You see here, brethren, a short and general sketch of the manner wherein God works upon earth, in repairing this work of grace, wherever it is decayed through the subtilty of satan, and the unfaithfulness of men, giving way to the fraud and malice of the devil. Thus he is now carrying on his own work, and thus he will do, to the end of time. And how wonderfully plain and simple is his way of working, in the spiritual, as well as the natural world! That is, his general plan of working, of repairing whatsoever is decayed. But as

to innumerable particulars, we must still cry out, *O the depth! How unfathomable are his counsels! And his paths past tracing out.*



*An Extract from A SURVEY of the WISDOM of GOD in
the CREATION.*

[Continued from page 312.]

On DEATH.

AS long as the soul and body are united, a man is said to be *alive*. But it is extremely difficult to determine the precise time at which life ceases, or what that is, which is absolutely necessary to the continuance of it. Is respiration? But when this is entirely ceased, as is the case in a person strangled, blow strongly into the lungs, and they play again; which shews he was not dead before.—Is the beating of the heart? But when this also is ceased, in the forementioned case, take the same method, and when the lungs begin to play, the heart begins to beat anew.—Is the circulation of the blood? But persons drowned, who have been so long under water, as to have no pulse remaining in any artery, and consequently no circulation, have recovered by the use of proper means, and lived many years after.—Is the fluidity of the blood? Nay, but it is a common thing in *Sweden*, to recover to life one who has been twenty-four hours under water; and who not only has no pulse, but is as stiff all over, as any dead corpse can be. What then is *Death*? Undoubtedly it is the separation of the soul and body. But there are many cases wherein none but God can tell the moment wherein they separate.

Many who *seem* to be dead, may be recovered.—A person suffocated by the steam of coals, set on fire in

the pit, fell down as dead. He lay between half an hour and three quarters, and was then drawn up, his eyes staring, his mouth gaping, his skin cold : not the least breathing being perceivable, nor the least pulse either in his heart or arteries.

A surgeon applied his mouth to that of the patient, and by blowing strongly, holding the nostrils at the same time, raised the chest by his breath. Immediately he felt six or seven quick beats of the heart : the lungs began to play, and soon after the pulse was felt in the arteries. He then opened a vein, which at first bled drop by drop, but in a while bled freely. Mean time he caused him to be pulled and rubbed. In an hour he began to come to himself ; in four hours walked home, and in four days returned to his work.

Wherever the solids are whole, and their tone unimpaired, where the juices are not corrupted, where there is the least remains of animal heat, it would be wrong not to try this experiment. This takes in a few diseases and many accidents. Among the first are many that cause sudden deaths, as apoplexies and fits of various kinds. In many of these it might be of use to apply this method : and in various casualties, such as suffocations from the damps of mines and coal-pits, the condensed air of long-unopened wells, the noxious vapours of fermenting liquors, received from a narrow vent, the steam of burning charcoal, arsenical effluvia, or those of sulphurous mineral acids.—And perhaps those who seem to be struck dead by lightning, or of any violent agitation of the passions, as joy, fear, anger, surprise, might frequently be recovered by this simple process.

[To be continued.]

An Account of the Man whose Hands and Legs rotted off, in the Parish of Kings-Swinford, in Staffordshire. By James Illingworth, B. D. who was an eye and ear-witness of most of the material Passages in it.

[Concluded from page 328.]

ABOUT the 20th of April, many little worms came out of his rotten flesh, such as are usually seen in dead corpses, but after he was well washed and cleansed, those ceased, and the room and smell was nothing so offensive as formerly; he would not acknowledge the fact till finding himself continually tormented with vermin that filled his shirt and doublet, he desired his keeper to ease him of them, by cutting those off.

And now he began to beg that some ministers, and others who came to visit him, would pray for and with him, which many did, both preachers and others; and some who lived near him (as I did) often. Being asked by me what he desired us to beg of God for him, he answered, That God would give him repentance, and pardon his sins: that he would save him for Christ's sake, and give him patience in the mean time.

About this time, he sent for *Humphrey Babb's* wife, from whom he stole the bible. When she came and brought the maid he sold it to, with her; he confessed the wrong he had done them, and desired they would forgive him.

Very many hearing of him came from all parts adjacent, and some from places far distant, to see this sad spectacle of divine justice. Others who had occasion to travel this way from *London*, and other parts afar off, came to behold a monument of divine severity, that they might bear witness, that *although sentence against an evil work, is not always executed speedily, yet God leaves not himself without witness*, in this as well as in former ages.

Upon the eighth of May following, both his legs were fallen off at the knees, which the poor man perceived

not until his keeper told him and shewed them to him, holding them up in his hands; and his right hand, hanging only by a ligament, by a little touch of a knife, was taken off also: the other hand at the same time being as black as a shoe, hanged on a long time, till he desired his keeper to take it away, because it was troublesome to him.

He continued in this condition some weeks; but at last his flesh began to waste, so that visiting him again, and observing some change in his countenance, I laboured to convince him more fully of his condition, and to persuade him to look up to the great physician, in whose hands are the issues of life and death. After prayers, when I was about to leave him for that time, he desired I would not forget him in my prayers; making it also his earnest request, that I would come again whenever he should send for me, which I promised to do. This was June 16. On the 19th, he was in great anguish of mind, crying out, "What shall I do to save my poor soul?" with many other expressions to the same purpose. But upon what account his keeper would not send for me, he knows best. On June 21, I went again to visit him, unsent for; but found him insensible. I staid by him till noon. He lay still, with his eyes fixed, as a dying man, moving not at any thing we said to him, but upon pouring into him a little drink with a spoon at several times, he coughed a little and groaned, and then lay as before. He died about two hours after.

He was (as he told me a few days before he died) about twenty-two years of age. It was easy to observe, he had been a strong young man, naturally of a stubborn temper, yet he was sometimes affected with his condition. I must in charity leave his final condition to God, who thus chastised him for the space of four months, that he might be a signal spectacle to thousands, of God's displeasure against impiety.

An Account of the Life of Mrs. MARGARET BAXTER.

[Written by her Husband, Mr. Richard Baxter, Author of the
Saints' Everlasting Rest.]

C H A P . I.

Her Parentage, and the Occasion of our Acquaintance.

THOUGH due affection inclines me to give the world a narrative, which otherwise I had omitted; yet the fear of God hath not so forsaken me, that I should willingly deliver any falsehood, through partiality or passion: but as I knew more of her than any other, for the good of the reader, and the honour of God, I shall give a true relation of the things which I knew.

1. We were born in the same county, within three miles and a half of each other; but she of one of the chief families in the county, and I but of a mean freeholder, called a gentleman for his ancestors' sake; but of a small estate, though sufficient. Her father, *Francis Charlton*, Esq. was one of the best justices of the peace in that county, a grave and sober man, but did not marry till he was aged, and so died while his children were very young: who were three, of which the eldest daughter, and his only son are yet alive. He had one surviving brother, who after the father's death maintained a long and costly suit about the guardianship of the heir: this uncle was a comely, sober gentleman, but the wise and good mother durst not trust her only son in the hands of one that was his next heir. And she thought that nature gave her a greater interest in him than an uncle had. But it being in the heat of the civil war, he, being for the parliament, had the advantage of strength, which put her to seek relief at *Oxford*, from the king, and afterwards to marry one *Mr. Hammer*, who was for the king, to make her interest that way. Her house being a sort of a small castle, was now garrisoned for the king. But at last the uncle

procured it to be besieged by the parliament's foldiers, and stormed and taken; where the mother and the children were, who saw part of their buildings burnt, and some lie dead before their eyes; and so the uncle got possession of the children.

But at last, she, by great wisdom and diligence, surpris'd them, and secretly conveyed them to one Mr. *Bernard's*, in *Effex*, and secured them against all his endeavours.

2. The wars being ended, she, as guardian, possessing her son's estate, took him to herself, and used it as carefully as if it had been her own. Out of it she conscientiously paid the debts of her husband, repaired some of the ruined houses, and managed things faithfully, according to her best discretion, until her son marrying, took his estate into his own hands.

3. She being before unknown to me, came to *Kidderminster*, desiring me to take a house for her. I told her I would not be guilty of doing any thing which should separate such a mother from an only son, who in his youth had so much need of her counsel: and that if passion in her, or any fault in him, had caused a difference, the love which brought her through so much trouble for him, should teach her to be patient, rather than to forsake him. She went home, but shortly came again, and took a house without my knowledge.

4. When she had been there alone awhile, her unmarried daughter, Margaret (about seventeen or eighteen years of age) came after her from her brother's, resolving not to forsake the mother who deserved her dearest love; and sometimes went to *Oxford* to her elder sister, wife to Mr. *Ambrose Upton*, then canon of Christ's Church, both yet living. In this time the good old mother lived as a blessing among the honest, poor weavers of *Kidderminster*, whose company, for their piety, she chose before all the vanities of the world. In which time my acquaintance with her made me know, that (notwithstanding she had formerly been

somewhat passionate) she was a woman of uncommon patience in great trials: of prudence and piety, justice and impartiality.

C H A P. II.

Of her Conversion, Sickness, and Recovery.

IN her youth, pride, romances, and company suitable thereto, took her up; and an imprudent, rigid governess that her mother had set over her in her absence, did her hurt, by possessing her with ill thoughts of religion. Yet she had a great reverence for good ministers, and thought she was not what she should be; but that something better, she knew not what, must be attained.

In this case, coming to *Kidderminster*, out of mere love to her mother, she had a great aversion to the poverty and strictness of the people there: decking herself in costly apparel, and delighting in her romances. But in a little time she heard and understood what those better things were, which she thought must be attained. And a sermon of Mr. *Hickman*, of *Oxford*, on *Isaiah xxvii. 11*, *It is a people of no understanding, therefore he that made them will not save them*, moved her much. The doctrine of conversion (as I preached it) was received on her heart as the seal on the wax. Whereupon she presently began to examine herself, to frequent prayer, reading, and serious thoughts of her salvation.

A religious maid that waited on her, taking notice of this (for she kept all her matters so secret that it was a hurt to her all her life) acquainted her mother with it. And when it could be hid no longer, as her frequent closet-prayers were sometimes overheard, and her changed course of life discerned, her mother (who before loved her least of her three children) began to esteem her as her darling; and all her religious friends

and neighbours, were glad of so sudden and great a change.

Her convictions neither died away, nor led her to despair; but rather to labour for conversion: yet God seemed to deal sharply with this returning soul. For while we were all rejoicing in her change, she fell into a seeming consumption, in which we almost despaired of her life. Dr. *Jackson*, the physician, and myself, seeing the case too hard for us, described it to Dr. *Pru-jean*, and Dr. *G. Bates*, who both judged it a consumption arising from the obstructions of the vessels in the lungs, and corrupting the tender adjoining parts, and both prescribed her the same medicines. But all these, with change of air, and breast milk, &c. did no good. I and my praying-neighbours were so sorry that such a person should presently be taken away, before she had time to manifest her sincerity, and do God any service in the world, that we resolved to fast and pray for her. For former experience had lately much raised their belief of the success of prayer. They had lately prayed for one who seemed a demoniac, who (after some years misery) was suddenly freed of that disease. They had often prayed for me in dangerous illness, and I had speedy help. I had lately swallowed a gold bullet for a medicine, which lodged in me too long, and no means would bring it away, till they met to fast and pray, and it came away that morning. A young man yet living, falling into a violent epilepsy, and after all means remained long uncured, they set to fasting and prayer, and the second day he was suddenly cured, and never had a fit since. God did not deny their prayers, though they were without book, and such as some deride as extempore. I was not with them on any of these occasions: they were humble, praying, laymen only.

But I was with them at prayer for this woman; compassion made us all extraordinarily fervent: God heard us, and speedily delivered her, as it were by nothing, or by an altogether undesigned means. She drank of her own inclination, not being directed, a large quan-

tity of fyrrup of violets. The next morning her nose bled (which it scarce ever did before or since) the lungs seemed cleared, her pulse suddenly mended, her cough abated, and her strength returned in a short time.

[*To be continued.*]

A brief Account of Mr. J. GUILDFORD, from Saturday the 10th of May, 1777, to the Friday following.

ON the Saturday before his death he got out of bed and desired his wife to join with him in prayer; when he prayed in the most ardent manner she ever heard, particularly for the prosperity of Zion. His wife being fearful that, through the extreme weakness of his body, he would exhaust himself too much, desired him to desist for a time. He replied, "Let me alone; for I never before had such sweet communion with Jesus. I see the heavens opened; I shall soon join that glorious company above." When he got into bed, he spent the whole night in prayer and praise. He sung an anthem, wherein are these words: *In thy presence is life: heaviness may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.* His soul was so swallowed up in God, that he got no sleep the whole night. From that time, there was such a remarkable change in him, that while in the world, he seemed to live out of it: continually having his conversation in heaven, feeling no pain either of body or mind.

The day before he died, he was seemingly cheerful and well in body, and continued so most of the night. A little before day-break he sat up in bed and desired his wife to sing a hymn. Being weary, she desired to repose herself. On which he said, "What, cannot you sing with me one night?" She then joined with him in singing the following hymn; "Come let us ascend,

My companion and friend, &c." And after repeating several solemn verses, he composed himself to rest for near two hours. When he awoke, he desired his wife to get him a little breakfast. He was remarkably cheerful, had an uncommon good appetite, said he was quite well, and, sitting up in bed he repeated several verses of a hymn.

He then got up and walked across the room, with up-lifted eyes to heaven; and leaning on his wife's shoulder, said, "As the Lord liveth, and as thy soul liveth, there is but a step between me and death;" and instantly, without either sigh or groan, resigned his happy spirit into the arms of his beloved.



A short Account of the Death of JOHN HATTON, between eight and nine Years of Age.

[Written by his Mother.]

JOHAN HATTON, from the time of his infancy, had but a poor state of health; but during the last two years he grew much worse until the Lord saw good to call him hence.

He did not seem to have much impression on his mind, until the last half year of his illness. One of his uncles coming to see us, he began to talk to him about his soul, which offended him so much that he went out and would speak to him no more.

One morning, about eight o'clock, he was taken with a bleeding at his nose, which continued three hours. We used many means to stop it, but all to no purpose till the juice of nettles was applied.

On his seeming much afraid of death, I said, My dear, the Lord will have mercy upon you if you pray to him: on which he began to pray fervently in these words; "Dear Lord, have mercy upon me! dear Lord,

have mercy upon me!" His bleeding began again about one, and continued till four in the evening. We much feared he would bleed to death; but the Lord saw good to spare him a little longer.

Soon after, he was taken very ill, and for some days was in most exquisite pain. We got the best advice we could, but to no purpose; mean time he was often praying that the Lord would pardon his sins. I asked him, when he thought the Lord would do this? He said, "I cannot tell." I told him, he was willing to do it now if he could believe: after which he seemed more resigned to die. I asked him, if he thought the Lord had pardoned him? He said, "Yes." I again asked him how he could tell? "Why said he, you told me if I could believe he would pardon me: and I do believe." After this he got a little better again, but seemed very desirous to die. I said to him, Do you want to leave your father and mother? He said, "Why, if I should live and be wicked, and the Lord should cut me off in my sins, what would become of me?"

In the beginning of December, he was taken very ill: but his affections seemed quite weaned from all things here.

He one day asked when his uncle would come again? I said, Do you want to see him? I thought you said, I do not care if I never see him more: "Ah! said he, I was so wicked then: but I should be glad to see him now, and should like him to be at my burial." I asked, why he would like that? "Why, said he, he would sing over me."

He took it unkind of one of his uncles, who did not call to see him so often as he wished. I mentioned this to my brother, who came and conversed with him, and afterwards went to prayer. I observed, as soon as he mentioned him in prayer, the tears ran down his face. He now seemed wholly devoted to God, and would sometimes sit with his eyes closed, with all fervency in prayer. As I was listening, I heard him use these words; "Dear Lord, enable me to bear it with pa-

tience! Dear Lord, take me to thyself if it be thy blessed will!"

One evening he said, "I have been praying to the Lord to take me: and he will take me soon. I feel such comfort as I cannot express."—The next day I asked him again, if he thought the Lord had pardoned his sins? He said, "Yes." I asked if he ever knew that he was a sinner? He said, "Yes, and I have cried to think what wicked words I have said:" the tears running down his face while he spoke. Though I never remember that he spoke any bad words.

One morning he said to his father, "I thought I should have had a bad night last night, but I prayed to the Lord and he eased me: and when I find the pains coming on, I pray to the Lord and he takes them away." He was very desirous to hear me read. One hymn that I read to him, he delighted in much, and would often try to raise his feeble voice to sing these words:

"Come, Lord, and make ready thy bride,
My Saviour, no longer delay;
Come quickly, my God and my Guide,
And safely conduct me away."

He was trying to sing these words a little before his death.

At another time he said, "The Lord rejoiceth my heart now, and I find such comfort from him as you cannot conceive." Towards the last his pains became violent. After one of his conflicts, he said, "Dying will be no more than going to sleep." Soon after, he appeared to be almost gone:—was in a cold sweat, with his teeth set.—I spoke to him: but he could not answer.—I kneeled down to commit him into the hands of God.—He then revived a little, and bid me pray: I did so. He repeated the words after me till the sweat ran off him. It was an affecting scene, but the Lord proportioned my strength to my day.

One of his uncles coming in, he asked him to pray; adding, "I cannot kneel now." He sat with his eyes closed for some time, as one whose heart was engaged with God. Soon after he said to me, "I shall be a happy angel soon; and if you will pray you will be one also."

Soon after, his countenance changing, he cast his eyes on me with a smile. I asked him if he was going to Jesus? He said, "Yes." I asked if he was willing to leave his father and mother? "Ah! said he, but I hope you will come to me to that happy place."

An hour or two after, I asked if he wanted to be gone? "Yes, said he; but I cannot go till the Lord sees fit." As he had sat up all the last day, we prevailed on him to lie down in the evening: after which he seemed very restless. His father said to him, My dear, compose yourself and go to sleep; he said, "I will." And just after, he fell asleep in the arms of Jesus, December 31, 1773, aged eight years and six months.

An Account of an African Negro: taken from Capt. Seagrove's Journal of his Voyage to Guinea.

A New-England sloop, trading to Guinea in 1752, left her second mate, *William Murray*, sick on shore, and sailed without him. *Murray* was at the house of a black, named *Gudjoe*, with whom he had contracted an acquaintance during their trade.

He recovered, and the sloop being gone, continued with his black friend till some other opportunity should offer for his getting home. In the mean time a Dutch ship came into the road, and some of the blacks going on board, were treacherously seized and carried off as slaves. Their relations and friends, transported with sudden rage, ran to the house of *Gudjoe*, to take revenge on *Murray*. *Gudjoe* stopped them all at the

door; and demanded what they wanted? "The white men, said they, have carried away our brothers and sons, and we will kill all the white men. Give us the white man you have in your house, that we may kill him." Nay, said *Cudjoe*, "The white men that carried away your relations are bad men, kill them when you can take them: but this white man is a good man, and you must not kill him." "But he is a white man, they cried, and the white men are all bad men; we will kill them all." "Nay, said he, you must not kill a man that has done no harm, only for being white. This man is my friend: my house is his fort: I am his foldier, and must fight for him; you must kill me before you can kill him. What good man will ever come again under my roof, if I let my floor be stained with a good man's blood?"

The negroes being convinced by his discourse that they were wrong, went away ashamed. In a few days *Murray* ventured abroad again with his friend *Cudjoe*, when several of them took him by the hand, and told him, "They were glad they had not killed him; for as he was a good, innocent man, their god would have been angry, and would have spoiled their fishery."

A remarkable Deliverance.

IN 1672, the Dutch were saved by an extraordinary event, at a time when nothing but the interposition of Providence, could have preserved them. In that memorable year, when *Lewis* the XIVth came down upon that country like a flood, he proposed that at the same time he should enter the province of *Holland* by land, his fleet, in conjunction with that of *Great-Britain*, should make a descent on the side of the *Hague* by sea. When the united fleets came up within sight of *Scheveling*, the tide though very regular at other times, just

when they were preparing to land, changed its usual course, and stopped for several hours. The next morning the *French* and *English* fleets were dispersed by a violent storm.

Those who hate the very name of a miracle (although in reality they suppose the greatest of all miracles, that is, the tying up the hands of the Almighty, from disposing events according to his will) pretend, "This was only an extraordinary ebb." But this very ebb was an extraordinary providence, as the descent, which must have terminated in the destruction of the republic, was to be punctually at that and no other time. But that this retrogradation of the sea was no natural event, is as certain as any thing in nature.

Many writers of unquestionable veracity might be produced, to confirm the truth of the fact. I shall only cite one, who was at the *Hague* but three years after it happened. "An extraordinary thing lately happened at the *Hague*: I had it from many eye-witnesses. The *English* fleet appeared in sight of *Scheveling*, making up to the shore. The tide turned: but they made no doubt of landing the forces the next flood, where they were like to meet no resistance. The states sent to the prince for men, to hinder the descent, but he could spare few, having the *French* near him. So the country was given up for lost; their Admiral, *de Ruyter*, with their fleet being absent. The flood returned, which the people expected would end in their ruin: but to the amazement of them all, after the sea had flowed two or three hours, an ebb of many hours succeeded, which carried the fleet again to sea. And before the flood returned, *de Ruyter* came in view. This they esteemed no less than a miracle wrought for their preservation." Bishop *Burnet's* History of his own Times. Book II.

A short Account of AOTOUROU, a native of O-Tabeitee.

WHEN Commodore *Bougainville*, in the course of his voyage round the world, in the year 1766, touched at the island of *O-Tabeitee*, he was received in the most hospitable manner by the inhabitants. After a short stay, when the commodore was preparing to sail, *Ereti*, a chief, came on board to take an affectionate leave of his guests. He brought with him a young man whom he presented to the commander, giving him to understand that his name was *Aotourou*, and that he desired to accompany them on their voyage. He then presented him to each of the officers in particular, telling them that it was one of his friends whom he entrusted with those who were likewise his friends. After this farewell was over, *Ereti*, returned to his canoe, in which was a young and handsome girl, whom *Aotourou* went to embrace. He gave her three pearls which he had in his ears, and kissed her; but notwithstanding her tears, he tore himself from her, and returned on board the ship.

The first European settlement that *M. de Bougainville* touched at, after leaving *O-Tabeitee*, was *Boero*, in the *Moluccas*. The surprise of *Aotourou*, was extravagant, at seeing men dressed in the European manner, houses, gardens, and various domestic animals, in great variety and abundance. Above all, he is said to have valued the hospitality that was here exercised, with an air of sincerity and acquaintance. As he saw no exchanges made, he apprehended the people gave every thing without receiving any return. He presently took occasion to let the Dutch understand, that in his country he was a chief, and that he had undertaken this voyage with his friends for his own pleasure. In visits at table, and in walking, he endeavoured to imitate the manners of his new friends. As *M. de Bougainville* had not taken him with him on his first visit to the governor, he imagined that he was left behind on account of his knees being bent inward, and with greater sim-

plicity than good sense, applied to some sailors to get upon them, imagining by that means, they would be forced into a straight direction. He was very earnest to know if *Paris* was as fine as the *Dutch* factory where he then was.

At *Batavia*, the delight which he felt on his first arrival, from the sight of the objects that presented themselves, might operate, in some degree, as an antidote to the poison of the climate; but during the latter part of their stay here he fell sick, and continued ill a considerable time during the remainder of the voyage, but his readiness in taking physic was equal to a man born at *Paris*. Whenever he spoke of *Batavia* afterwards, he always called it *Enoué mate*, "the land that kills."

This Indian, during two years in which he resided in *France*, does not appear to have done much credit to his country; at the end of that time he could only utter a few words of the language; which indocile disposition *M. de Bougainville* excuses with great ingenuity and apparent reason, by observing that he was, at least thirty years of age; that his memory had never been exercised before in any kind of study, nor had his mind ever been employed at all.

This itinerant embarked at *Rochelle* in 1770, on board the *Briffon*, which was to carry him to the *Ile of France*, from whence, by order of the French ministry, he was to be sent by the Intendant to his native country; and for this purpose *M. de Bougainville* informs us that he gave fifteen hundred pounds sterling (a third of his whole fortune) towards the equipment of the ship intended for this navigation. But notwithstanding these endeavours to restore the adventurous *O-Tahitian* to his country and connections, he had not reached them when Captain *Cook* was there in 1774; and Mr. *Forster* says that he died of the small-pox.

A remarkable Instance of Honour.

A Spanish cavalier, in a sudden quarrel, slew a Moorish gentleman and fled. His pursuers soon lost sight of him; for he had thrown himself unperceived over a garden wall. The owner, a Moor, happening to be in his garden, was addressed by the Spaniard on his knees, who acquainted him with his case, and implored concealment, "Eat this," said the Moor, giving him half a peach. "You now know that you may confide in my protection." He then locked him up in his garden apartment, telling him as soon as it was night, he would provide for his escape to a place of greater safety. The Moor then went into his house, where he had scarce seated himself, when a great crowd, with loud lamentations, came to his gate, bringing the corpse of his son, who had just been killed by a Spaniard. When the first shock of surprise was a little over, he learned from the description given, that the fatal deed was done by the very person then in his power. He mentioned this to no one; but as soon as it was dark, he retired to his garden, as if to grieve alone, giving orders that none should follow him. Then accosting the Spaniard, he said, "Christian, the person you have killed is my son; his body is now in my house. You ought to suffer; but you have eaten with me, and I have given you my faith, which must not be broken." He then led the astonished Spaniard to his stables, mounted him on one of his fleetest horses, and said, "Fly far, while the night can cover you; you will be safe in the morning. You are indeed guilty of my son's blood: but God is just and good, and I thank him, I am innocent of yours; and that my faith given is preserved."

*An Account of a Woman who died in the Lord, Nov. 7,
1783, in Whitchurch, Hampshire.*

THIS woman, who had long heard the Gospel to little purpose, was taken ill about last midsummer. In her affliction, being greatly alarmed, she began to think seriously of her latter end, and to pay more regard to the word of God than she had formerly done. By the blessing of God on these means, she soon saw what a deplorable condition she was in; as being without Christ, without hope, and without God in the world! This discovery so exceedingly alarmed her, that she could not rest night nor day. On this she sent for my wife, who spoke freely to her of the way of salvation. When she heard of the love of God in Christ Jesus, and that we are saved by grace, through faith, she cried mightily to God to shew her his mercy, and to save her for Christ's sake. In a short time the Lord answered her, by speaking peace to her soul. On this she rejoiced exceedingly, and praised God from the ground of her heart. She told all who came to see her, what God had done for her; and exhorted every one who did not experience the same, not to rest till they did: and those who did experience it, she exhorted to go on in the good way, loving and praising God with their whole heart.

About five days before her death, she thought she was dying; on which she called the woman who attended her, and said, "Come and see me die! Be not afraid!" When it pleased God to revive her a little, she raised herself up in her bed, extended her arms wide open, and seemed to be swallowed up in divine transport! She then lay down again, and said, "The Lord has finished his work in my soul!" Then throwing her arms open again, she stedfastly looked upward, like St. Stephen; and seemed, for some moments, to be engaged in deep and solemn prayer. Presently

after, she clasped her hands—and closed her eyes—and went to God!

JOHN HAIM.

Whitchurch, Nov. 21, 1783.



*To John Beilby, Esq. giving an Account of the Plague,
at Eyam, in Derbyshire.*

Dear Sir,

THIS letter will seem to you no less than a miracle. I was loath to affright you with a paper from my hands, therefore I got a friend to transcribe these lines. You are sensible of my condition in the loss of the kindest wife in the world. She was in an excellent posture when death came, which fills me with many comfortable assurances that she is now invested with a crown of righteousness. Had I been so thankful as my condition did deserve, I might yet have had her in my bosom.

The condition of this place has been so sad, that I persuade myself it did exceed all history and example. I may truly say, our town is become a Golgotha, the place of a Skull; and had there not been a small remnant of us left, we had been as Sodom and like unto Gomorrah. My ears never heard such doleful lamentations! My nose never smelt such horrid smells! And my eyes never beheld such ghastly spectacles! Here have been seventy-six families visited within my parish, out of which have died two hundred and fifty-nine. Blessed be God, all our fears are over, for none have died here of the infection since the 11th of October, and all the pest houses have long been empty. I intend, God willing, to spend most of this week in seeing all woollen clothes fumed and purified, as well for the satisfaction, as safety of the country. Here has been

such burning of goods, that the like, I think, was never known; and, indeed, in this, we have been too precise: for my own part, I have scarce left myself apparel enough to shelter my body from the cold, and have wasted more than needed, merely for example. As to my own part, I never had better health than during the time of this dreadful visitation, neither can I say that I have had any symptoms of the disease. My man had the distemper, and upon the appearance of an humour, I gave him several chymical antidotes, which had a very kind operation, and (with the blessing of God) kept the venom from the heart; and after the rising was broke, he was very well. I know I have had your prayers, and question not but I have fared the better for them: I know the prayers of good people have rescued me from the jaws of death. I have largely tasted the goodness of my Creator; and blessed be his name, the grim looks of death did never yet fright me. I always had a firm faith that my children would do well, which made me willing to shake hands with an unkind, froward world; yet I hope I shall esteem it a mercy that I am frustrated of the hopes I had of a translation to a better place. God grant that with patience I may wait for my change, and that I may make a right use of his mercies!

An Account of the Massacre at Paris: translated from the French of M. Bossuet, Bishop of Meaux.

IN the year 1572, Charles the IXth being determined to destroy all the protestants in *France*, invited the chief of them to *Paris*, to be present at the marriage of his sister. Judging it best to begin with the admiral *Coligni*, he ordered the duke of Guise to find him an assassin. He had not far to seek for one, who, in a house of a confidant of the duke of Guise, chose a

window looking into the street, through which the admiral always went home from the Louvre. On the twenty-second of August, about eleven o'clock in the forenoon, Montrevel, seeing him passing on foot, pretty slowly, shot at him with a musket loaded with two balls, one of which wounded him in the left arm, and the other broke a finger of his right hand. The shot was heard in the tennis-court, where the king was playing with the duke of Guise. Some of his attendants came and told the king. He immediately threw down his racket, and went out quite in a fury, swearing that he would do justice for a crime, which more regarded his own person, than the admiral's. He spoke with the same force of expression to the king of *Navarre*, and the prince of *Condi*, who came to ask his permission to retire. The ardour with which he declared to them his intention to revenge the assassination, almost quieted their minds.

In vain was search made for the assassin; he had made his escape on a horse, brought by one of the duke of Guise's servants. The Huguenots did not take fire, as had been expected; the admiral's tranquillity prevented them from being moved; he was never angry with any body; but in conversation about the contriver of the murder, he pointed out the duke of Guise, but did not name him. As for the king, the admiral was very far from suspecting him. He suffered his pain, and the incisions that were necessary to be made, with admirable constancy. The very day that he was wounded, though he was far from being out of danger, he saw and conversed with all the lords of the court, with a courage and steadiness that surprised them, expressing an entire indifference about life or death, and declaring that he should die satisfied, provided he could tell the king something of great importance for his glory, and the welfare of his kingdom. He added, that the affair was of such a nature as could be entrusted to nobody else. This was told the king, who a little after came

to visit him with the queen-mother, the duke of Anjou, and the duke of Guise.

In the private conversation which he had with the king, his conversation turned entirely on the war in Flanders, to which he persuaded the king with all possible earnestness. He warned him of the little secrecy observed by his council, in which nothing was said which was not immediately carried to the duke of Alba. He concluded with earnestly recommending to the king the execution of edicts, as the sole means of preserving the kingdom.

The conversation lasted so long, that the queen-mother, who perceived the admiral speaking with some emotion, and the king in appearance relishing what he was saying, became uneasy at it. She was afraid that so strong a reasoner might influence the king; but that prince rose up without determining on the war in the Low Countries. During the whole conversation the king called the admiral his father with so profound a dissimulation, that there was nobody but believed he was affected. As he frequently swore that he would do justice upon the contrivers of the assassination, the admiral told him softly, that no long time was necessary for discovering them. After the king had retired, the queen-mother with much uneasiness asked him what the admiral was saying to him with so much earnestness. He was of a harsh temper, and for some time before began to speak drily to that princess. The deed which he was contriving made him still wilder; so that he answered, swearing according to his custom, that the admiral had advised him to reign by himself.

[*To be continued.*]

A short Account of two Children at Amsterdam: in a letter from their Mother.

MY son was remarkably serious and tender-hearted, from the time he began to speak. When he was two years and an half old, he was taken with the measles. On Sunday morning lying on my lap, he desired to kiss his sister, not six years old. A little after, he said to me, "I must kiss *you* too." I took him up. He clasped me round the neck and kissed me. When he unclasped his hands, I asked, "Whither are you going?" He answered, "To the Lord," and in a few moments died.

Nine months after, my daughter, then about six years of age, fell ill of the small-pox. One morning she called, with unusual earnestness, for her dear mother. I leaped out of bed, and as soon as I looked on her, said, "My dear child, you are going to eternity." She said, "Mother, will you pray for me?" She would take no denial, till I told her, "I will as well as I can." She was going to kneel; but I dissuaded her from it, as it was very cold. After I had prayed, I asked her how she did? She gave no answer to this, but asked, "Are these words in the bible, Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not?" I said, They are: upon which she began to pray, and then to repeat several verses of a hymn. And in this manner she spent some hours. Mean time the apothecary came in, and desired she would drink something. She replied, "I cannot swallow." He said, "Then you must die?" She cheerfully answered, "I cannot help that."

I now withdrew for awhile, wanting to be alone. But she quickly missed me, and asked where I was? One saying, "She is praying for you:" She said, "It is very well." When I came in, she asked, "Where have you been?" I answered, "Praying for you." She answered, "None need pray for my life. My sufferings are past; my fight is fought: I am going to

heaven." I was astonished, and said, "My child, before we go to heaven, we must know Christ." She answered, "I know Christ. Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world!" She spoke no more, till she entered into the joy of her Lord!

H. Christina Roodenbeck.

*A singular Instance of Justice in a Turkish Magistrate:
from a late Publication.*

A Cause was tried before a young Cadi, at Smyrna; the merits of which were as follows. A poor man claimed a house which a rich man had usurped. The former held his deeds and documents to procure his right; but the latter had procured a number of witnesses to invalidate them: and to support their evidence effectually, he presented the Cadi with a bag containing five hundred ducats: the Cadi received it. When it came to a hearing, the poor man told his story, produced his writings, but wanted that most essential, and only valued proof, witnesses.

The other, provided with witnesses, laid his whole stress on them, and on his adversary's defect in law, who could procure none: he urged the Cadi, therefore, to give sentence in his favour.

After the most pressing solicitations, the judge calmly drew out from under his sopha the bag of five hundred ducats, which the rich man had given him as a bribe; saying to him very gravely, "You have been much mistaken in the suit, for if the poor man could bring no witnesses, in confirmation of his right, I myself can produce five hundred." He then threw the bag, with reproach and indignation, and decreed the house to the poor plaintiff.

Such was the noble decision of a Turkish judge, not unworthy the imitation of some who make a profession of the doctrines of christianity.

Letters.

L E T T E R XXVIII.

[From Mr. J. M. to the Rev. Mr. Wesley.]

Jan. 17, 1763.

Rev. Sir,

SINCE I was able, when I could be spared from the round, I have laboured a good deal in fresh places. And in the spring I shall think it my duty to do it more; especially since there is such an universal call, as I never knew before. The language of most places is, "Come over and help us."

After much opposition, I joined nineteen together in society in Malton, and fifteen in Pickering. There will be a glorious work in both places, if one may judge of the future, by the present. The power of God greatly accompanies his word, and prevails over the hearts of sinners.

We have added, during the last three or four months, upwards of eighty members to the societies: and a proportionable number have been justified by faith, and have found peace with God. And indeed, it is no wonder, for there never was such a spirit of life, and of joy, among the people in general, as is at present. The ways of wisdom are not only ways of pleasantness and peace, but as new as at the first entrance thereinto. By this, the ways of God are distinguished from all the ways of sin. The Lord was pleased to bless with the remission of their sins, seven persons lately, in one place, where they had but a small share

of public means. But they forgot not to assemble themselves together, neither did God forget to meet with them.

When I was in Malton last, I went on the Sabbath-day to preach at Settrington. The congregation being very large, we asked the owner of the town, for a place large enough to contain them. He answered us, "As it is for the worship of God, I dare not refuse it. And I will send as many of my servants as can be spared, to hear for themselves." But before I had finished my discourse, the curate, Mr. Hebdon came, and called aloud among the people for the church-wardens and constable, who followed him out, and received a charge to pull me down. They came and told me. I desired them to give my respects to Mr. Hebdon, and tell him if he had any thing to say to me, I was ready to answer for myself: but he was gone. I then finished my discourse in peace. He threatened in the following week to banish all the Methodists from town and country. But in going from an entertainment the next Saturday night, he fell from his horse and broke his neck!

God has been pleased to take lately to himself, six or seven persons of our little number. William Shipton, Dinah Holmes, and Richard Richmond, of York. The two former were saved, only as by fire. Which, although it proves God abundantly merciful, yet shews what a poor use too many make of all the means which God gives them. The latter, nearly a Lazarus in condition, lived five or six years in the clear light of God's countenance; in the most solid peace; and a becoming resignation to the dispensations of providence; and then died.

Hannah Wood, of Cave, when her departure was at hand, bid the nurses call her husband, for she had only three minutes to live: when one was gone, she bid them hasten him, for she had but two to live: when another was gone, she said, she had only one; and in a minute she expired. She fell into the arms of death, as a man falls upon his couch, when weary. She

lived a steady, uniform christian; a loving wife; a tender mother; a good mistress; and then died the death of the righteous.

Margaret Banks, of Stockton, a young woman, all the time of her long illness, exhorted all around her to seek and serve God; telling them, she knew she was going home too, and should be happy with him for ever. She prayed and sung praises to God, day and night. When I asked her if she did not rather chuse life than death, as she was young? She answered, "No: I had rather die now. I have no desire to live." Her last words were, "I am happy."

I am, your obedient Son and Servant.

J. M.

LETTER XXIX.

[From the Rev. J. Rouquet, to the Rev. Mr. Wesley.]

Bristol, Jan. 22, 1763.

Dear Sir,

THE word is, Only believe! O that I could believe! Jesus help my unbelief! This is all I wait to prove; and I believe that he hath not said unto me, seek my face in vain. O that I may seek aright, and never rest till I also have apprehended that, for which I am apprehended of God, in Christ Jesus! Dear Sir, pray for me. I would be the Lord's free-man. I would be all faith; all love. I think I would. And yet were this my *one* desire, I believe the Lord would soon come to my help. I find that the converse of christian-friends is a great blessing. I am glad of the opportunities I enjoy, and I believe our meeting will be more profitable than ever, as our friend, Mr. Stonehouse, has freely declared his sentiments, and engaged me in a dispute (by writing) concerning perfection. To me it is the one thing needful. Therefore I cannot avoid being ex-

plicit on this head, in these meetings especially, and to the Sunday morning congregation; and I find an unspeakable blessing in my own soul in so doing, as also in pressing the present now. I doubt not but you have heard good news of your brother. It rejoices my heart to see his strength renewed, both in body and soul, and that the Lord hath blessed him to several. I observe a quickening among the people. Five or six, I am told, have lately been justified. I heard that two more had been set at liberty in Newgate; but I cannot find out who they are, so I let it drop. I believe Mr. O. has been of real service here: but I could wish he would speak a little more to the main point. I think he might press the matter more home. It might be a means of bringing the people forward. Indeed I fear the confusions in London have made the hands of many hang down. There is no reason for it; but such is our frame. Above all I lament, that any professing this renewal, should be found so wanting in the main branches of it. Is it any thing short of the whole mind that was in Christ: loving God with all our heart, and our neighbours as ourselves? Doth not this imply that we should walk even as Christ walked? Whoever abideth in him *ought so to walk*. Surely then if we are as Christ was in this world we shall walk in love like him. Like him endure the contradiction of sinners, much more the infirmities of his children; for every one that is perfect shall be as his master. For my part, I freely own, I stand in doubt of every man whose *meek and lowly walk* doth not prove that he hath learned of Jesus. God grant I may never rest, till the tree being made good, all its fruit is good also: found unto the praise, and honour and glory of God! May God fill you with wisdom and the abundance of his grace! and at this time more especially, comfort your heart, and establish you in every good thing, to the praise and glory of his grace in Christ Jesus.

I am, dear Sir,

Your very affectionate Friend and Servant,

JAMES ROUQUET.

L E T T E R X X X .

[From the Rev. Mr. Whitefield, to the Rev. Mr. Wesley.]

Philadelphia, Sept. 25, 1764,

Rev. and dear Sir,

YOUR kind letter, dated in January last, through the negligence of those that received the parcel, did not reach me till within these few days. It found me at Philadelphia, just returned from my northern circuit; and waiting only for cooler weather to set forwards for Georgia. Perhaps that may be my *Ne plus ultra*. But the gospel range is of such large extent, that I have, as it were, scarce begun to begin. Surely nothing but a very loud call of providence could make me so much as think of returning to England as yet. I have been mercifully carried through the summer's heat; and, had strength permitted, I might have preached to thousands and thousands thrice every day. Zealous ministers are not so rare in this new world as in other parts. Here is room for a hundred itinerants. Lord Jesus send by whom thou wilt send. Fain would I end my life in rambling after those that have rambled away from Jesus Christ.

For this let men despise my name,
I'd shun no cross, I'd fear no shame:
All hail reproach! —————

I am persuaded you are like minded. I wish you and all your dear fellow-labourers much prosperity. O to be kept from turning to the right hand or the left! Methinks for many years, we have heard a voice behind us saying, "This is the way, walk in it." I do not repent being a poor, despised, cast-out, and now almost worn-out itinerant. I would do it again if I had my choice. Having loved his own, the altogether lovely Jesus, loves them to the end; even the last glimmerings of an expiring taper, he blessed to guide some wandering souls

to himself. At New-England, New-York, and Pennsylvania, the word hath run and been glorified. Scarce one dry meeting since my arrival. All this is of grace. In various places there hath been a very great stirring among the dry bones. If you, and all yours would join in praying over a poor worthless, but willing pilgrim, it would be a very great act of charity, he being, though less than the least of all,

Rev. and very dear Sir,

Ever yours, &c. &c. in Jesus,

G. WHITEFIELD.

L E T T E R XXXI.

[From Miss D. Perronet, to the Rev. J. Wesley.]

Shoreham, March 16, 1771.

Rev. and dear Sir,

WHEN God poured out his spirit, a few years ago, to witness the work he had wrought in the hearts of his people, I strove to understand it. But as it did not please him to give me much light, I concluded that he had wrought the work; but not given light to know what it was.

Observing also that many professors neglected the daily cross, I began to think, that imitating the pattern our Lord hath left us, in doing good to the souls and bodies of all we can, was greater than all they talked of. Yet, I often wished that God would again come down and reign gloriously in the hearts of those who were willing to be wholly his.

For my own part, though I strove to live to God, inwardly and outwardly, and often had the comforts of his Spirit, which emboldened me to come to him in all my difficulties; yet I was not satisfied: which often

made me beseech him to pierce my heart with keen conviction.

When Miss B—lt—n came here, and began to tell me how the Lord had blessed her, I did not like so much about what is usually called, *The blessing*. I said, I find a nearness to God; but do not believe I am saved in this manner. Yet I thought, Christ came to destroy sin in me; and that there is a greater salvation from it than I have yet attained. I then resolved to be in earnest for it; but little thought what pride and unbelief lay hid in my heart. The next day my distress increased, and my hope of deliverance lessened.

When my father took this text at night, "I will water it every moment, I will keep it night and day, lest any hurt it;" I began to have more hope. But all this while I saw I had a will of my own that must be given up; even in seeking after God. I therefore pleaded hard with Jesus to help me to do it, and begged that he would save me *now*! I said, in agony of prayer, "If thou wilt, thou canst make me clean." Jesus answered, "I will, be thou clean," and immediately I felt a mighty change through all my soul.

Since then, I have been tempted to think I deceived myself. But, upon the whole, I have abundant reason to adore the holy Jesus for what he has done for me. I have now to set out afresh to devote my heart and life to him, to watch and pray, and bear the daily cross, and to testify my love to him, by keeping his commandments.

I am, dear Sir, your Friend and Servant,

D. PERRONET.

Poetry.

AN EFFUSION OF PRAISE.

SING, glorious angels 'round the throne
Of the eternal Three-in-One;

Sing everlasting songs of love;

Sing loudly in the courts above.

Sing, blessed martyrs, songs of praise—

Christ gave you strength in suffering days.

Sing, all ye happy saints in heaven—

The promis'd crowns to you are given.

Sing, all ye conquering saints below,

Sing, that the love of God may flow.

Sing, all ye mourners seeking peace,

The Saviour's ready to release.

Sing, all ye sinners out of hell—

The Lord is kind though ye rebel.

Sing, all ye creatures of the earth,

To God who feeds and gave you birth.

Sing, all ye sparkling globes of light,

'Tis God who makes you shine so bright.

Sing, all ye feather'd fowls on high,

Sing as ye flutter towards the sky.

Sing, all ye scaly shoals below,

That sport in rivers as they flow.

Sing, every creature high and low,

Sing to that God who made you so.

Sing, O my soul, sing songs of love,

Sing gladly to thy God above;

Sing night and day with chearful voice—

Sing to the Lord who says, rejoice.

On the Death of an EPICURE.

AT length, my friends, the feast of life is o'er:
I've ate sufficient—and I'll drink no more:
My night is come: I've spent a jovial day;
'Tis time to part: but oh!—What is to pay?

REFLECTIONS AMONG THE TOMBS.

STRUCK with religious awe and solemn dread,
 I view these gloomy mansions of the dead.
 While here I stand, what mixt reflections rise,
 And in mute language teach me to be wise!
 Time was, these ashes liv'd—a time will be,
 When living friends may stand and look at me—
 The grave has eloquence!—its lectures teach
 In silence, louder than divines can preach.
 Hear what it says—ye sons of folly, hear!
 It speaks to you—Oh, deafen not your ear!
 It bids you lay all vanity aside,
 Ah what a lecture this for human pride?
 In these cold mansions of the silent tomb,
 How still the solitude, how deep the gloom!
 Here sleeps the dust, unconscious, close confin'd,
 But far—far distant dwells the immortal mind!

AN EPITAPH.

HERE rests a woman, good without pretence,
 Blest with plain reason, and with sober sense;
 No conquest she, but o'er herself desir'd,
 No arts essay'd, but *not* to be admir'd.
 Passion and pride were to her soul unknown,
 Convinc'd, that virtue only is our own.
 So unaffected, so compos'd a mind,
 So firm, yet soft: so strong, yet so refin'd:
 Heav'n, as its purest gold, by tortures try'd;
 The saint sustain'd it—but the woman dy'd.